

Crack House

orphan_account

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Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Biting, Blood, Cunnilingus, IT'S A MONSTER! IT'S GON HAVE A TENTACLE DICK!, LET PENNY HAVE A TENTACLE DICK, Oral Sex, Other, Rough Sex, Tentacle Dick, Teratophilia, and also a teeth clussy, attempt at making this look decent with a poem, i hate this and i hate myself, some of you are cowards by the way

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Characters: Pennywise (IT)

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Summary:

burnt sugar

and

rotted fruit

smells

the fly

who

wanders

and

wanders

into

the

spider's

web

the

dragon's

lair

the
haunted
house

Crack House

There's no smoke in the chimney,
And the rain beats on the floor;
There's no glass in the window,
There's no wood in the door;
The heather grows behind the house,
And the sand lies before.

No hand hath trained the ivy,
The walls are grey and bare;
The boats upon the sea sail by,
Nor ever tarry there.
No beast of the field comes nigh,
Nor any bird of the air

- The Desereted House, Mary Elizabeth Coleridge

The door creaked open, sending floods of bright sunlight streaming into the derelict house. As abandoned houses went, the infamous Niebolt house was nothing special. Junkies came there to shoot up, the occasional desperate homeless person spent a night there, and kids sometimes fucked around and made dares to enter the house that never came to fruition. It was just your standard, run-of-the-mill crack house. So why was it so fucking creepy? Was it because it was abandoned, that once upon a time a child's laughter might've rung in the air, that any who had previously inhabited the house in the first place had long since passed from human memory? Whatever the reason, even but a fleeting glance to 29 Niebolt Street sent shivers down spines, formed knots of despair in stomachs, and made people quicken their step.

Cobwebs bloated with dust hung in corners and draped across furniture. Dust covered every available surface in a thick coating of grey, floating golden in the air like fairy dust in the sunlight. Your shoes crunched over dead leaves and you cast your gaze across the front room. The air seemed to press in on you, heavy and thick with a peculiar sort of tension that stiffened your spine and contorted your

stomach into knots of apprehension. You steeled your resolve and closed the door behind you, ignoring how it rattled in the wooden frame with a kind of finality.

Shadows loomed in long forgotten corners and you couldn't brush off the feeling that something foreign and dangerous lurked in them, watching you with eyes you couldn't see. You journeyed further into the house, eyes scanning the peeling wallpaper and rotted floorboards for something that the rational part of you said wasn't there. An old piano sat in a corner and you absently played a few keys, the off tune tones hanging in the air with a sense of foreboding. Something felt *off* in the house, like something you couldn't exactly pinpoint was oh so very wrong, and while you couldn't see exactly what it was, you could certainly feel it in the air. You paused at the top of a staircase that led down to a cellar that probably hadn't been looked upon in years. Nothing could be gleaned of the state of the lower level, the space steeped in darkness as inky as the space between the stars - suffocating and impenetrable and somehow breathtaking in a way that something could be so *dark*.

Hand curling over the wooden stair banister, the first step groaned loudly in protest as your foot came down on it. Forging ahead, you descended the stairs and stumbled upon a well. You sucked in a sharp intake of breath at the well. It was simple and plain, like most wells tended to be, and fashioned from smooth grey stones.

Except for one tiny thing.

Blood coated one side of the well, smeared across the stones, sticky and crimson. It was drawn across the concrete flooring in one bright streak of gore against the dull, dirtied grey. You approached the well, equal parts fascinated and disgusted. Your hands curled over the lip of the well, uncaring of the blood, and you discovered that it wasn't the sticky crimson of fresh blood, but rather a dry and flaky and washed out pink. You blamed the low light level and ignored that for a second there, that blood really truly appeared to be fresh. Peering into the well only brought the same view you had seen standing in the doorway to the basement, of inky blackness nothing could see through without a flashlight. A strange smell wafted up from the darkness, of burnt sugar and the sickly sweet scent of rotten fruit and death beneath that. The scent of death was faint but still there, burnt

sugar and rotted fruit hiding it like an ill fitting coat. You pulled away from the well, your hands coming off with flaky blood.

A strong gust of wind suddenly swept through the room, stirring the dead leaves that lay strewn across the ground. It brought with it the same scent that had wafted up from the well, of burnt sugar and rotted fruit, but it was faint, just an aftertaste that lingered briefly in your nose. There was no stench of death this time. The first hints of dread trickled down your spine and you shivered. It was time to go. You wouldn't push your luck any further by exploring the upper levels.

And then the door slammed.

You whirled around, eyes staring up at that staircase and the previously open door. *What the fuck.* Anxiety and dread mixed into a noxious soup in your gut, and your heart lurched in your chest, bruising itself against your ribs as it threatened to crawl up your throat. The burnt sugar and rotted fruit smell was almost overpowering now, filling your senses and causing your eyes to water at the potency. You backed away from the well, your back coming to stop against a solid surface. At first you thought it to be the wall, but hands curled over your shoulders and voice tittered quietly in your ears, carrying the metallic scent of blood and flesh on its breath.

"Poor little human," It crooned, "who lost its way. Wandering into the spider's web."

Then you felt as if you were falling, like you were being folded in half at the knees, and your vision went dark.

You came to in an unfamiliar room, sprawled unceremoniously on top of an old, ratty mattress with springs that creaked and groaned in protest when you propped yourself up on your elbows. By the dead leaves swirling across the floor, peeling wallpaper, and near unpleasant draft you guessed that you were in the upstairs section of the Niebolt house. A slow, dull throb of pain pulsed lazily from the back of your head, your fingers coming back with old, flaky blood as a wince flashed across your face. Shit. The memories came back slowly, of you entering the house on Niebolt Street and going down

into the basement, of a bloody well, the smell of burnt sugar and rotten fruit, of hands on your shoulders and a tittering voice that carried the scent of blood on its breath.

"What the fu -"

"Language," a voice interrupted, tutting in mocking reprobation before dissolving into demented giggles.

Your eyes shot to the corner of the room, slowly travelling up the wall until they rested on the ceiling, where the owner of the voice clung to the wall like a spider from hell. Clown. It was a clown. It was dressed in a baggy, faded white clown suit with garish orange pompoms decorating the front. Its face was a pasty white, with blood red lips stretched into a taunting, lascivious grin. You met its eyes, E/C staring daringly into fractured blue.

It crawled down from the wall with too much grace, its limbs twisted and bent in a cruel parody of human joints. Not human. Definitely not human. It may have looked human, but there was no *fucking* way this thing was human.

You scuttled backwards on the mattress, pressing your back against faded and peeling wallpaper as your breath quickened and your heart sped up. The creature approached you in over exaggerated and lurching steps, drawing out the time it would take to cross the room and reach you. It loomed over you, still grinning maniacally, before it spoke. "Hello, Y/N," it drawled, drawing out your name, "I'm Pennywise - Pennywise the *Dancing Clown*. Do you want a balloon?"

The way it spoke was alien to your ears. Its voice rose and fell and broke on all the wrong points as if it didn't know how to speak like a human would. Fuck. It probably *didn't* know.

It pulled out a red balloon seemingly out of nowhere, the string pinched between two gloved fingers. The balloon swayed in the air, 'I <3 Derry' printed on the red latex in white lettering. You shook your head and did your best to melt into the wall and come out on the other side. "No thank you."

The clown's gloves suddenly tore as wicked claws shredded the

fabric, and a hand came to wrap around your throat and *squeeze*. A startled 'hrrk' left your throat and you instinctively grabbed onto its hand, trying in vain to pry those claws away from your throat so you could breath. Your heart pounded in your ears, racing and thudding along to a beat you couldn't follow as blood roared in your ears and your lungs burned for air. Those blue eyes had melted away to a feral yellow, primal and animalistic.

"That's not how it works," it snarled, and something wet and warm flicked against the shell of your ear, "take the balloon. Will you take the balloon, Y/N?"

You nodded frantically to best of your ability and the crushing pressure was suddenly removed from your throat, leaving a ring of mottled purple-blue bruises against your S/C skin. Pennywise leaned back, all smiles again. It offered the balloon, and you cautiously reached out and took it. It was a trap, you knew it, and it knew that you knew. But it still didn't stop the scream that escaped your throat when the balloon popped, splattering blood - warm and sticky and red - all over you. Pennywise lunged forward, effortlessly picking you up and pinning you to the wall with a forearm planted firmly on your chest to keep you in place.

The blood was smeared over your clothing, red soaking into your jeans and cotton t-shirt - only God and whatever this thing was knew where your jacket was - and made them stick to you uncomfortably. But you didn't have to worry about that for much longer because Pennywise suddenly shredded the fabric of your shirt, leaving whatever fabric was left to hang off you in ragged strips.

Its jaws began to expand, pushing outward as its pupils rolled up and to the side, and row upon row of sharp little teeth poked through. You pressed your cheek to the wall, trying in vain to avoid the warm puffs of breath that fanned over your face and thick strings of hot drool that landed on and dripped down your chest. Pennywise leaned forward and buried its nose into your neck, huffing as it breathed in your scent. Something thick and slimy licked a broad stripe up your neck, and it hummed gleefully. "Tasty, tasty, tasty," it giggled, voice muffled as its face remained pressed into your neck, its teeth brushing over fragile skin. You squeezed your eyes shut and tried to ignore the brief pop and fizz of arousal that burst between your

legs.

This was wrong, dangerous, and you *loved* it. You hated yourself for it, but you could not deny the hot nub of arousal that glowed dimly between your legs.

And it seemed that Pennywise could sense - or smell - it too, because it leaned back and sniggered. "Oh ho ho, what do we have here," it leered, those jaws back in place but those teeth still out in the open. Its voice was like a razor blade slowly dragging over your spine, catching on all the little nubs of your vertebrae, like a knife being sharpened against a stone. "The filthy little human is *enjoying* this, hmm? Dirty, pathetic little thing."

Shame burned hotly in your chest and in your cheeks.

A cry of pain left you as Pennywise sank its teeth into the flesh of your shoulder, laving over the wound with its tongue to lap up the free flowing blood. It sent bright flares of arousal sparking down your spine. *Masochist*. It pulled away, lips and teeth red with blood - your blood.

Pennywise forced its mouth on yours, shoving its tongue down your throat. You choked on it, on the taste of your own blood, but couldn't stop the ragged moan that left your lips. Its needle teeth tugged at your lips, leaving them red and swollen and glistening when it pulled away. Its tongue retracted into its mouth and you saw that it was a startling coal black colour instead of the pinkish flesh tone you expected. A thin strand of saliva still connected you and it, which only broke when it finally unpinned you from the wall.

Blackened claws ripped your jeans off your legs, leaving angry pink lines wherever it nicked your thighs and shins. Your heart fluttered nervously in your chest as it dragged you up and forward. It had your hips in its clawed grasp and your legs dangled over its forearms, and you had to peer over the swell of your chest and stomach to see what it was doing. Citrine eyes rimmed with red glared up at you and you watched, horrified and aroused as its jaws pushed outward again to clamp lightly on your sex between your legs. Its tongue laved over your clit and you couldn't stop the moan that bubbled out of your mouth. Those jaws pressed just a bit harder, hard enough for all

those little teeth to leave indents, and you got the message loud and clear. *Shut up.*

Your next moan clotted upon your lips, lodging itself in your throat as you stubbornly refused to let it out. This was a game to it, you thought. A nice game of 'let's see how long the human can go without screaming while I shove my tongue up their - ohhh.' Your thoughts dissolved into incoherency when its tongue finally entered you, swiftly, roughly. You bunched your hands into fists, back arching off the ratty mattress, rolling your hips against that tongue to the best of your ability. An obscene squelching sound sounded when it began to move, thrusting its tongue in and out of you. You shoved your hand in your mouth, gnawing on it to keep quiet. Pleasure knotted and twisted in your lower parts, screaming up your spine like a runaway train going off the rails. Pennywise's tongue writhed inside you, expanding and pulsating in a ways that really shouldn't have been turning you on but were anyway. A finger that ended in a clawed point ground against your clit, drawing a moan out from between the knuckles you worried at with your teeth.

Your first orgasm slammed into you with the force of a truck and you were only aware of screaming when you finally came down from your high, just in time to watch Pennywise set your lower body down as it licked its claws clean with a smug smirk.

"You taste positively *delicious*," it purred in that breaking-on-the-wrong-points voice, "maybe I'll keep you around."

It was probably a bad thing that you weren't entirely opposed to that idea.

Pennywise spread your thighs, settling itself between them as something thick and coated in a sort of slime nudged up against your entrance. You risked a glance down, breath catching in your throat as you caught a look at what was down there. The crotch part of the frilly costume had ripped open, exposing a slit rimmed with teeth and a thick, ridged tentacle that poked out of it. Black-purple fluid beaded at the tip, dripping down the side. You realised with disgust and a surge of arousal that that was what it intended to fuck you with. You were strangely okay with that.

It thrust into you in a quick motion, nearly bottoming out on the first thrust. Pleasure-pain ached between your legs as it rolled its hips, claws shredding the mattress as it fuck you. It seemed to figure out a rhythm because its thrusts became more powerful and less erratic, hitting points inside you that you didn't know even existed. All the while its cock squirmed inside you, pulsing and expanding much like its tongue had done. It left you feeling full. Those teeth scraped over your clit and slit deliciously, the friction enough to feel pleasure but not cause any pain.

Pennywise buried its face in your neck again, licking up the side as it drooled all over you. You couldn't find it within yourself to care, not while you were getting railed like that.

You supposed it was inevitable that it would kiss you again, and it did, forcing its tongue between your lips and down your throat as it set its pace to brutal. It was only after your consciousness began to fade that it pulled away, allowing you to breath once more without that tongue down your throat.

You weren't surprised when you came again so soon, falling limp beneath the clown as it continued to fuck you through your orgasm. It took another two orgasms from you until it came with your walls fluttering about its alien cock and that black-purple cum leaking down the inside of your thighs when it pulled away. It scooped up the cum with two fingers, forcing them in your mouth.

It didn't taste so bad. The texture made you gag but the taste itself was faintly sweet and sour, and it smelled of sugar. Pennywise pulled its fingers free with a wet pop and smiled that eerie smile, fangs poking through its mouth and digging into its bottom lip. "See you around town, sweet girl," it said with a leer, disappearing with a wink and leaving nothing but the smell of burnt sugar in the air and a bundle of new clothes at the foot of the mattress.

You looked down to the mess between your thighs and traced the scratches and bruises it had left on your body while fucking you into the mattress.

"God I'm fucked up," you muttered.